

Outkast Feat. Killer Mike "Bust"

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Ghosts and goblins run a muck
In the caverns of Rhine
Slinging petty corruption
The seventh sign

Give it to you
Give to you and I do what it takes
To give it to you

Step into the realms of space where nobody goes
Only the baddest motherfuckers are the ones that are
chose
Some of the coolest individuals on the planet we said
Best believe that we can buck or give a damn if we
cared
No collision supervision but my family is here
Now my mama taught my niggaz that was under the
stairs
One of those who chauffeured life and then was
unprepared
But my hunger is the thought that no wonder it can't be
smothered

Or buttered up, buttercup, melt your sauce
You a Chucky Cheese bouncer chumpin' off the boss
What I'm trying to tell you now is that you're softer than
soft
And I'm sick as a cough, did I mention it's raw?
Your predicaments flaw
Flaw means fucked up and serving out the oven
Not fried, slow roast, no coast, tuck your tail and hide
You scared?

Give it to you
Give to you and I do what it takes
To give it to you

I officially do it with duns on tour
We lock down traps, push caps galore
My wiz cook work 'til it scale like fish
My old earth even known to handle biz
I serve whipped, out of whips, whip out cash

Usually keep a G packed under the dash
Try to test my gangsta, I bring harm
I'm as slick as Freeway Rick and Nicholas Barnes

My Uptown Nikes hold caps and cheddar
My waistline hold a 4-pound Baretta
I'll shoe lace your face just to learn you better
My ox so sharp it cut through leather
My rap name Killer, my street name Skunk
I mastered the music that was born in the Bronx
I switch my slang spit from my mouth
I'm still all coast my coast the South

Give it to you
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